



Massachusetts Normal Art School



Vol. III

Boston, Massachusetts, November, 1924

No. 1

TONY OF THE GOLDEN HEART

I cannot recollect when I noticed him for the first time. There was always such a swarm of ragged urchins around my easel and I, with all the eagerness of a young artist anxious to transform the canvas into a glorious masterpiece, completely ignored their curious glances. I had set up my easel at the foot of a narrow winding street, or alley as it should have been called, where, between the jagged roof tops, rose the tall tower which seemed to link the new city, even remotely, with the old. It was a fascinating vista. After the manner of artists, I studied the details of the rickety tenements with slanting walls and loosely timbered roofs, the toil worn cobble stones and the little nation which tramped it up and down. My audience grew restless.

When, at last, however, I began to paint, there was a little hum all about. The children were fascinated by my palette—by my brushes, and by the shining tubes of paint, but most of all they were delighted (and they did not hesitate to show it, you may be sure) by the shapes and forms which gradually grew into distinguishable masses on my canvas! Two or three times, I ordered them away, for they clustered close to me. My brushes became liabilities as far as actual use was concerned, while

the vista before me, faded into a blur of many faces, of equally many expressions, of grimy hands and tattered, yet gay clothes. It was then that Tony with all the fire and enthusiasm, that had made him the acknowledged leader of his gang, asserted himself.

"Get outa here!" he commanded. "Leave that artist fella be; d'ye think ye are winders to see from? Leave him alone, can't ye!" Like magic, the urchins shuffled to discreet distances. I nodded a smile of approval to Tony, which he returned with a flash of a smile and a sparkle of black eyes!

It did not take long for friendship to develop between that son of America's little Italy and myself! Daily he stood on guard near by, and through his occasional and half-timid confidences, I grew to realize that with all his rough exterior, Tony, with his heart of pure gold, was a rare little fellow indeed, perhaps destined to do something quite wonderful some day.

He was quite shy at first, and I thought his silent interest in my colors was merely born of the idea of seeing new things. One day, he surprised me however. "Gee I wisht I could do like you, mister!" he said softly. I looked at the lad half squatting on the curb beside me!

"Like to paint, Tony?" I asked. "Well some day, I'll show you a thing or two about it!"

"Will you Mister Bill, honest?" he cried in eager anticipation, and I promised him I would, of course.

I gave the lad some stubby bits of charcoal, and odds of paper which he soon filled with crude, yet promising sketches of the scenes of every day, around his little homeland.

When I finished my masterpiece, and I honestly felt I could call it that, I found another fascinating bit of color, where the shabby tenements all but toppled into the East river. Tony went there daily with me. He was now my faithful slave, cleaning my palette, keeping my brushes white and soft, and doing a hundred other little things which I hitherto had done or not as I pleased.

Occasionally, I rewarded him with a bit of colored chalk or fine paper, for I wanted him to love to work, and in the loving, do his very best each time. He was doing his best, too. For a lad of ten years, he drew remarkably well, and as the summer went on, I developed a secret pride in my young pupil.

Every pleasant day, found us tramping somewhere for new spots to reproduce on canvas or on paper. Towards the end of August, a successful sale of a picture or two, made it possible for me to spend a week in the country. The thought of going without Tony, never occurred to me! When I mentioned it to him, he grew pale with excitement.

"Hones' Bill, do ye mean me to go? And the folks? Shure, they don' care what I do!"

One day found us waiting for the magic train which was to take us away from the hot and almost deserted city streets. As a last bit of recklessness, I had purchased a small palette, a few good brushes and a square of canvas for Tony.

They were to be surprises, and I confess I looked forward to the moment when I might give them to my young

protege, with no small degree of eagerness. We were indeed an odd pair, as we left the train at Moleriver. Tony, as neat as his limited means and knowledge allowed, was laden with my kit and bags, while I, in my oldest suit, and numerous odd bundles, indeed looked the part of the penniless artist.

After we were duly installed in our room, overlooking the swift-flowing river, bordered by stubby trees, which merged, in the far off skyline, into a series of low hills, Tony gathered up my paints and easel and quaintly urged me to come out and use some green paint!

Down by the river there were a few tiny children frolicking about in the water with their nurse maids. They were having the jolliest of times, together, and evidently were occupants of the huge summer houses up among the trees, where many of the so called "idle rich," spent their holidays.

"Gee, I wisht I could go in swimmin', Bill," said Tony. "Can't I some day?"

"Sure, Tony," I replied, as we started away. "Some day we'll go in with 'em, and show them how to swim. But, to-day you're going to start painting on canvas yourself. How's that?"

Tony gave a war whoop! Joyous it was and happy, too. I never quite remember what happened after that. There was a frenzied shriek, a woman's voice, a quick turn back to the shore by my small companion, and as I hurried back as well, a splash of water!

It was all over so quickly, that now it seems like some vague dream. Just the cry of a tiny child who had ventured too far into the swift-flowing river. Just a nurse maid's shriek as she, unable to swim, saw her young charge vanish from sight. Just a tiny lad, a lad who's future as a great artist "might have been" who tried to do his best, as ever, even at the risk of his own life. We did our little share of helping too, but it was not until late that night, that they brought him home.

Today—just a struggling artist, who
(Continued on Page 7)

Editorial



"Back again!" How much these two little words can mean. Or perhaps it is just the way in which they are spoken. To one with a sorrowing face, and mournful voice it would seem that to return to school was an affliction. On the other hand, if a smile and laughter accompany the words it gives the impression of the joy that we truly feel on the opening days when we rediscover our old friends and make other new and lasting ones. While we upperclassmen are busily engaged in hailing our old comrades, don't let us forget to welcome the new little freshmen, who appear to be so timid and retiring. For we know we can depend upon them to carry on the good work of lifting the school standard higher and higher each year as our present sophomores and all the other once freshmen have endeavored to do. Four years between awkward Freshmen and envied Senior yet their motive remains ever the same—to give their best for the Old School. We feel sure that the class of '24 did this, and we hope that the present seniors will live up to their standards and make as successful leaders as their predecessors have. Truthfully it is said, "as the

twig is bent, so is the tree inclined." Let the class of '25 be loyal, dependable, and a credit to old M. N. A. S. and the rest of the school will follow in its footsteps. The Juniors too, have their responsibilities. On them next year will fall the care that now rests on the Senior's shoulders. Let them prepare themselves, and take heed from this year's graduating class, that they may profit by the mistakes that are made this year (if there be any), and that they may remember the numerous good points emphasized during the school term.

To the freshman of last year, now sedate sophomores, the eye of the present freshmen are cast in longing and anticipation. Live up to their good opinion, sophomores, and try to recall just how you felt about a year ago. If your memory is sufficiently good, you will take pity on your younger brothers, and instead of torturing them, will make life worth living for them.

Along with all these injunctions, let one stand out. Do not be afraid of a little fun mixed in with all this seriousness. Plenty of hard work is much more worth while if accompanied by sportsmanship and good times. So let us live and laugh, and with each pupil working for his class, and each class working for the school, we are bound to succeed, holding the honor of Normal Art School above all, and striving to attain the final good, as near to perfection as possible.

THE SHIP OF DREAMS

Wide-winged as the enchanted swan,
She saileth through the night,
And purple grows the gloom upon
The magic of her flight.

The bark, she bears no mortal name,
No crew of mortal mold,
Ulysses' ship of song and fame,
Of cedar wood and gold!

She is the ship that Turner knew
On the enchanted seas.

She floats far isles of music through,
And isles of memories.

And she is mystically fraught
With dreams remembered long,
That drift on all the tides of thought
And all the seas of song.

She hath Ulysses at the helm
As in the olden time,
This ship of a diviner realm,
And of a fairer clime.

James D. Powell, '28.



BOSTON EXHIBITIONS

We are art students, are we not?

Perhaps I should say, we attend Art School, for how many of us truly study art. Let me ask, how many exhibits do you visit a month? How long do you contemplate each composition? May I even ask,—do you know where to find exhibits?

Of course, we all know about The Guild on Newbury Street and realize how fortunate we are in having artists like Hibbard, Benson, Tarbell, and our own Mr. Andrew and Mr. Major so near. This very month's exhibit includes a portrait by Richard Andrew that is well worth intelligent study, and a gorgeous flower group by Mr. Major. There is too a lovely Arthur Spear composition, an awe inspiring Hibbard, an impeccable Paxton, an arresting landscape by Kaula, and some fine portraits. The large canvas by Marie Danforth Page, simply but faithfully painted, reminded me that she is to have a showing at The Guild in November. Perhaps she will exhibit her charming portrait of Rosalind Chen, who studies here at Normal Art. At any rate, her exhibition will be a fine one.

Two other members of our faculty have canvases at The Boston Art Club, which is situated farther down Newbury Street. Mr. Cowell has an exquisite Madonna, interestingly different, hung there, and Mr. George—a dashing Spanish senorita. One cannot but admire the workmanship of Mr. Cowell's piece, and the execution of the shawl in Mr. George's composition (which, however, does not in the least detract from the value and charm of the portraiture). There are, in this gallery, besides, several forceful, boldly painted marine studies, an unusual representation of the Rock of Gibraltar, several portraits, and

some landscapes, each of which is expressive of a sincere appreciation of nature's moods. The snow scene is particularly lovely in its subtle delicacy. The other canvases are very interesting because one is not sure that he cares for them all. There is much to admire and much at which to wonder in this exhibition which is held in conjunction with Uncle Sam's Market Place.

Not only at the Art Club does Vesper L. George exhibit but also at the Graphic Arts Gallery, which is on St. James Avenue, just below Clarendon Street. Here, are hung perhaps two dozen of Mr. George's works. There is ample evidence of his versatility, and above all, proof of his ability to teach design and conduct a school of his own.

Glorious and glowing in color, like a ship of one's dreams, is his *Slave Ship*, the most compelling of his pictures. However the other canvases are deserving of much attention, although you may leave them for a last look at the rosy, billowing sails of his gorgeous galley ship.

Whoever is interested in etchings should visit Doll and Richards on Newbury Street. Every etching with its fine draftsmanship and beauty of composition is a joy in itself. Is there anyone to whom a lofty vaulted cathedral interior or a quaint continental street does not appeal? Visit Doll and Richards, and live to go again.

Irving and Casson is showing, just at present, a fine collection of prints. After one has been carried up eight stories past alluring glimpses of softly lighted interiors, one hardly knows what to expect. On the eighth floor, is a miscellaneous exhibit, that includes interesting old portraits, some beautiful landscapes, excellent reproductions of the more recent masters, and the prints. The prints are well produced and intriguing in their variety of subject and treatment. Through the kindness of Mr. Woodward, of Irving and Casson, we were able to get the prints shown in this issue.

A tremendously interesting exhibit

showing this month is that of New England artists at the very handsome new Vose Galleries on Boylston Street, facing Copley Square. One room is devoted to water colors and the other to oils. Among those who are hanging water colors are such well known painters as Frank Benson, Sears Gallagher, Charles H. Pepper, and Sally Cross. Hallowel's Black Slick, is a remarkable study, treated rather differently from the customary sketch. It is interesting to compare this with the transparent, brilliant, sharpness of Sally Cross's flowers. In the oils room, there are portraits and landscapes and still life groups. Most striking of the portraits is that of Mrs. Alvan T. Fuller by Howard Smith. Welcoming one as he slips from the elevator, it presents a forceful, vital, life-like character in rich fabrics of brilliant hue. Less aggressive but fragilely beautiful is Philip Hale's portrait. Unusual and rich in subdued color is Edmund Tarbell's Rosemary, the portrait of a lovely girl whose hat overcasts her face with transparent shadow. One can learn much of unimpeachable technique from Ernest L. Ma-

jor's still life and much from the original treatment of Mr. Sharman's flower group. Foremost among the still lifes is Azalea and Kwong by H. Dudley Murphy, considered the finest flower painting in the country; exquisite in color, composition, and surface. The landscapes are charming, showing the soft haze of summer as in Over the Uplands and the austerity of winter as in the brook scene by Lester Stevens. The Curving River, a springlike study in greens has attracted much favorable criticism. Vying with this latter for attention is a remarkable canvas, Morro Castle by Hazard. The sparkling quality of water and the luminosity of his skies are unequalled in the entire exhibit. This showing is indicative of the upward trend of art and makes the New Englander very proud of the men who reflect such glory on their native soil.

If we ever hope to glorify New England, let us remember that the study of art is not limited to practise within four walls of a studio.

L. S. M.

BACK AGAIN

Goodbye to the call of the motor and
court,
Farewell to the lake and canoe,
Goodbye to the land of the sunset and
dawn
And skies that are cloudless and blue.
Our playtime is over; refreshed are our
souls,
Our hopes are rekindled and new,
So back to the quest of our far-reaching
goals,
With an earnest endeavor to Do.

As in we come trooping thru each door
and hall,—
Thru studios patiently eager,
For embryo artists to answer the call
Of genius, with efforts yet meagre,
We welcome each more with its mem'ries

of toil,
We are back 'mid the charcoal and
clay—
Where vanishing points mix with zinc-
white and oil,
And shadows and values hold sway.

We are back in the swing of the com-
pass and pen
The easel, the palette and smock;
While the lure of the goal beckons to us
again
As we wait Opportunity's knock;
So let us progress as the days slip away,
In the pathways of friendship and
duty—
And gladly, wholeheartedly, loyally pay—
Our homage to Art and to Beauty!
Peggy Page, '27.

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Vol. III

Boston, Massachusetts, November, 1924

No. 1

FATHERLY ADVICE TO FRESHMEN

The following suggestions are offered to our newcomers in hopes that such bits of advice may spare them from any great misunderstanding, misery or bodily harm:—

If you are told to "stand on your head and look at it," don't do it for he doesn't mean it. Besides it's such an embarrassing position.

If the same teacher says, "Whoop it up!" don't holler,—look intelligent!

If you are told to make your arrowheads $\frac{3}{16}$ ths of an inch long, make them $\frac{3}{16}$ ths of an inch long.

If you don't believe Mr. Ray is supporting a big, healthy, wrist-watch, swagger into his class about 9:02 A. M.

If the "Sophs" request you to do peculiar things just before Smock Day, we prescribe doing them. We have your own welfare at heart.

If you crave notoriety and its attendant results, do as you please.

If you are told to make a lot of plums on your drawing, don't make a basket of that fruit!

And finally, if you want to enjoy free-hand drawing this year, hitch Mr. Cain's wagon to a star and pray that it won't return!

A MESSAGE FROM CECELIA

31 Stevens St.,
Danbury, Conn.

Mr. President,

Best of luck to you and the board in 1924-25. May your friends be as helpful and your year as happy as last year was for me!

Hail to M. N. A. S., its friends and all the memories of happy days together!

Love to all,
(Signed) Cecelia L. Hawley.

(Continued from Page 3)

has lost his best pal. Just a shiny palette, never used. Just a pile of sketches to remind me of Tony—the pal with the heart of gold.

Ann D. Ide, '25.

TO BE TAKEN WITH A LITTLE
SALT

In order to give you an idea of the worth, scope, and foundation of Senior Design Class please peruse the following statistics. First, before anyone aspires to compete with this notorious class, let us warn you that our weight is one thousand eight hundred and fifty lbs., our height, 79 ft. 4 in. Perhaps realize that, by way of careful calculation we find our class to be 318 years old. As for worth we admit that we are worth an overwhelming amount, being endowed with a smile for everyone in the bargain. For recommendation we suggest you apply to Mr. Farnum or perhaps Mr. George, who considers us of such value that he takes the precaution of endeavoring to keep the common school folk away from most fascinating us.

We must admit we are a bit sorry we are so precious for your sakes. At the same time, when you are stumbling over the threshold of fame as we are, you will appreciate our circumstances. As for our scope, that is unbounded, since we have the entire world for material to work with. Do you realize as well as we do that it supplies countless subjects that are worthy of our attention.

We are sure that all readers will make the best of this unusual opportunity to meet such renowned and pleasing personages.

Come and get acquainted with us.
Open to callers anytime after 3:45.

"FROM THEE WE CANNOT
SEVER"

The Court Dancer from Aladdin must like our Lunch Counter, or can it be our dear familiar faces that she can't bear to part with. We wonder?

Does our Beloved Sveddy come back to make sure that no one is swiping her last year's collection of Freshmen?

Every once in a while a sor of familiarish shadow flits through the corridors,—Calhoun drifts in, and Charlie Marston landed in one of the days that

Sveddy was here (no, we're not insinuating).

The Strayed Sheep of the Class of '25 wander in, too. Flossie Lynch is married, you know. And of course you saw the costumed-in-Paris Mrs. Hood, nee Evelyn Wood, when she favored us with a visit. We saw Alexia Dunbar just coming in the other afternoon, too.

Hixie of '24 is absorbing the rudiments of teaching and costume illustration. Hurrah for the Drawing and Painting Course! Long may its graduates return.

—"Sveddy's Infant!"

When you creep into the composition class

On a Thursday afternoon and set your Attempt in a darkish corner so
That by chance the instructor might Overlook it and thereby save you
From the humiliation of being Made The target for all the wise cracks of
The other students; And as you wistfully Gaze upon the work of the others in the Class and marvel how it is they do it,
The instructor walks in and looks them All over very carefully and then he
Approaches yours and picks it up and You feel cold chills and Clammy hands
Clutching each and every vertebra of Your spinal column as you realize that
In another moment you will be held up before

The class as a living example of grotesque

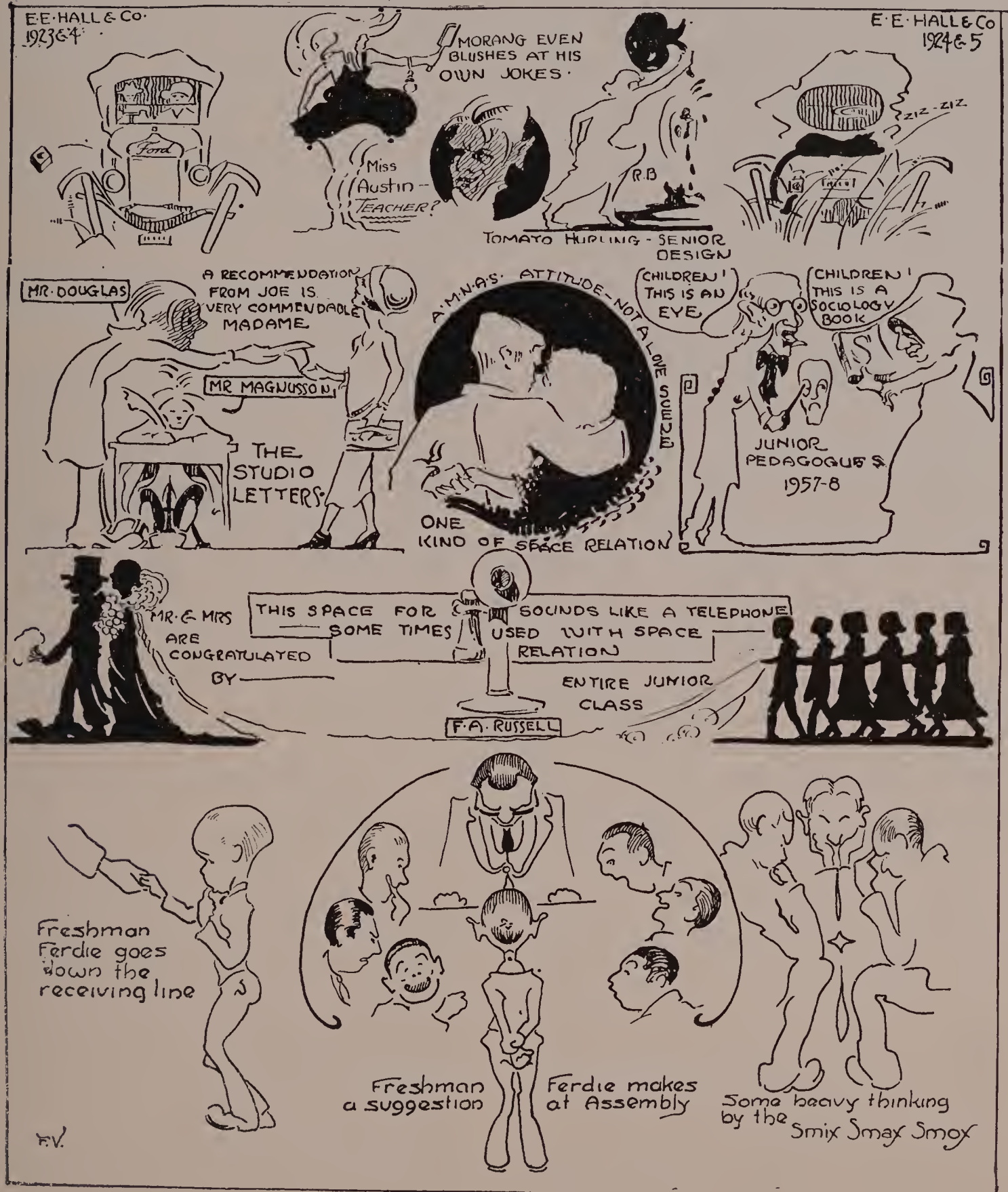
Naïveté; and then the instructor looks At you very shrewdly, seeming to say
Is it possible for one to be so dumb And live; whereupon you promptly sink lower

Into the mire of despair, and you Feel like bursting from the room
In tears or something, and then he Smiles and says very admiringly, "Very amusing,"

O BOY AIN'T IT A GRAND AND GLORIOUS FEELING.

F. O. H.

CARTOONS



ONE ARABIAN KNIGHT

We've been told to write a story. We've also been told what will happen to us if we don't. But what in the name-of-little-pickled-herrings we're going to write about is too much for us. We have decided on a name, though. We'll write a sheik story and call it "One Arabian Knight." There are a couple of freshmen that we could sign up if they'd change their names. "Blacketino" wouldn't sound bad and if he'd use slick-um on his thatch he'd have even more Senior girls falling for him. And he could get some of the draped-effect trousers and learn to swear in a nice lady-like manner. *Can't you imagine how he'd look?* That's just it. We think we had better cast him for one of the breezy heroes from the great open spaces where men are men and a cigarette isn't a smoke. We'll write one about him some other time. Just at present we're hunting for a really, truly sheik. Mr. Pocahontus looks the part but we've never heard what sort of a line he pulls. Of course in the movies all you need is a school-girl complexion but to be the hero of a story you've got to be able to hold the public's interest. And these bored creatures, satiated with life and its pleasures, wearied and cynical, who form the student body of Normal Art must have a real hero—a hero fit to step into Lee's shoes when he no longer haunts our noble halls of learning.

This is a new paragraph. We've successfully wasted two hundred and sixty-two words in the first one. Perhaps if we keep stalling long enough we won't have to do much of any story. Trouble is—we're afraid we've found our hero. Mr. Pocahontus fits the description perfectly. But we'll have a regular try-out, though. We'll haul in Leon from the Senior design and that young Master Austin from the Junior class and the Vansteen person from the—No! wait a minute, we'll use him for a "Fighting Blood" series—we'll try Jere (don't you adore the way he spells it?) from the Sophomore class.

For a heroine we don't know whether to take Celeste or little Miss Hapgood from among the Green smocks. Apropos of nothing-at-all Mr. Porter remarked that he hadn't seen a flapper yet in this year's class! The other three classes are just overflowing with material—there's the Princess-who-never-smiled, the Assyrian dancing-lady and our own Spirit of the Dance to start with. Then we have that Holland girl an' Alden an' Adelaide an' Ruthnalice an' the other Alice an' ever so many. I guess we'll build a composite heroine and call her Hildegarde.

It's easy enough to find the juveniles for our story—Dot and Frahneces, and Larry and Little-Chester.

For a stern parent we'll take one of these manly males with the hirsute adornment—there's the Teacher Trainers' Hart but he's too good to be true. If we put him in this story someone would say, "frevensake why don't they make um true to life." An there's Big-bruver Staples but we're not sure whether the Missus ud mind so we guess it's unanimous in favor of Mr. Menges. (That what that Freshman has isn't a mustache—its just where he forgot to shave.)

So we have our cast all picked. Now just tune in, friends, and we'll spill the dirt.

There was once a beautiful maiden called Hildegarde. She knew she could draw so she came to Normal Art. They knew there that she couldn't so they let her stay. One day she was standing by the bubbler and she saw a Senior in a green smock go flitting by. You know the one I mean—the smock that fervently denies freshmanism on its collar? Well, she followed her (the Senior, we mean). This solemn Senior wandered up the stairs mournfully chanting:

"There is no life in the Senior class,
There is no life in the Senior class—"
Hildegarde drew back aghast.

"Why did you draw that?" asked Mr.
(Continued on Page 14)

THE GARDEN

James D. Powell, '28

In summer-time how fair it showed,
 My garden by the village road,
 Where fiery stalks of blossoms showed,
 And roses softly blushed;
 With azure spires, and garlands white.
 Pale heliotrope, the sun's delight,
 And odors that perfumed the night
 Where'er the southwind rushed.

There solemn purple pansies stood,
 Gay tulips red with floral blood,
 And wild things fresh from field and
 wood,
 Alive with dainty grace.

Deep heaven-blue bells of columbine,
 The darkly mystic passion-vine,
 And clematis, that loves to twine,
 Bedecked that happy place.

Beneath the strong, unclouded blaze
 Of long and fervent summer days
 Their colors smote the passing gaze,
 And dazzled every eye.

Their cups of scented honey-dew
 Charmed all the bees that o'er them flew,
 And butterflies of radiant hue
 Paused as they floated by.

Now falls a cloud of sailing snow,
 The bitter winds of winter blow,
 No blossom dares its cup to show,
 Earth folds them in her breast;
 A shroud of white, a virgin pall,
 Is slowly, softly, hiding all;
 In vain shall any sweet wind call
 To break their silent rest.

My garden is a vanished dream,
 Dead in the waning moon's cold beam,
 Clear icicles above it gleam;
 And yet—I know not how—
 My flowers will hear the dropping rain
 When Spring reneweth hill and plain,
 And then it shall be mine again.
 It is God's garden now.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Many in our midst will be somewhat surprised to learn that there is a movement being made to organize a formidable basketball team for the coming season. Ever since the founding of our school, never has an athletic team of any sort represented the institution in any line of sport. Last year the first attempt was made toward organizing a basketball quintet which would carry the school colors. Numerous games were played with different colleges, prep schools, and normal schools. Considering the many handicaps which the athletes had to overcome, such as securing a suitable gymnasium for practicing, buying their own equipment, and being able to practice once and sometimes twice a week, the team made a very good showing for a start. That started the ball rolling!

This season prospects seem much brighter. Arrangements are already being made by Captain Leo Doherty and

Manager Mark Robinson for a gymnasium in which to practice. In order to obtain the necessary money to outfit the team, two or more afternoon dances are planned to be held in the near future. Here is an opportunity for every loyal and spirited art student to help by attending these dances. No school organization of any kind can be successful if it has not the support of the whole student body.

The amount of success of our basketball team depends largely upon the amount of support given it. Without a doubt, every red-blooded one of us wants an organization of this character to represent Normal Art. The athletes are more than willing to do their bit and give everything they can, but how about the rest of the student body? Are we going to stand by and watch a few faithful members help or are we all going to have a hand in this drive?

NONSENSICAL TWENTY-SEVENS

During the summer I met a young man of questionable or unquestionable repute. As I never pressed him upon the point, I cannot accurately discriminate which was which. He is a member of the M. N. A. S. and holds claims to being an artist, an artist of no mean ability. He thoroughly enjoys all forms and disguises of art, and spends hours studying them from every conceivable angle.



Many times he has missed a train or car, owing to his love of "beauty of form and line." I should not be surprised to hear he suggested that topic to Mr. Farnum, for our Assembly Lectures.

In the first place, he is dissimilar to any one person of my acquaintance, but very much like a number of people in certain ways. He is tall of stature, believing in Redfield's method of growth; broad shouldered and "chesty," due to the splendid air of our hall; long armed by too much oil painting; slightly "bowed" through trying to keep his belongings from straying beyond his legs in the street cars; decidedly footsore from dancing girls around on his feet.

However, handsome as he is, in his own opinion, his works are more so. Very cleverly he reveals himself in oils, so cleverly that one wonders who his instructors could have been. His greatest piece of work, in this line, is always an exhibition at the "Artist's Crown." As much as he loves the oils and brushes, he does greatest credit to himself in design, particularly decorative design. For months he labored over "The Upper Lip" until, finally, he was rewarded by a long, spiral mustache. Though his early training is unknown, it is rumored



that Mr. Twenty-Seven received his first lessons from a Charlie somebody or other. It may have been Charles I or II, but as my memory is quite reliable, I shouldn't care to say.

What I most admire about Mr. Twenty-Seven, is his sister. She is short of cash and height, particularly the former; her shoulders are decidedly T squared; fingers quite nimble from juggling so much material about; feet like lightning, as she is ever chasing herself from one class to another. In perspective, her eyes jump everywhere, but luckily, her brains are carefully kept intact by a large bandeau.

Miss Twenty-Seven shares her brother's love of paints, being very partial to



warm colors. In addition, she does herself pretty with pencil and stick. Her specialty is modelling, and after twenty to forty-five minutes in the clay, produces some wonderful faces, in fact "making faces" is her greatest ambition. Under the able tutorage of Fay Merrill, there is no knowing what hearts she will break.

Now, I could go on and on, raving over this fair couple but, being rather sceptical, shall only add one thing, . . . the request for your stretchers, I have had my say; you have had your Phyl.



IMPORTANT NOTICE

There will be a competition of the different classes to determine which class can produce the best magazine representing our school. Each class will be responsible for one issue of the Art Gum. At the close of the year the instructors will be asked to make the decision.

Do your bit for your class editors!

Class editors will be as follows:

Time	Class	Class Editors
Dec. 15th	Sophomore	Phylis Randall
Feb. 1st	Junior	Fred Robinson
March 15th	Freshman	Helen Childs
May 1st	Seniors	Emma Osgood

Which class is most capable?

Which class has most class spirit?

Which class has most school spirit?

Country: Just think of our forest preserves.

City: How about our subway jams?

He—"Dearest will you marry me?"

She—"John, I can't marry you, but I shall always respect your good taste."

Toronto Loblin.

You can wander in the United States, but you must go to Italy to Rome.

Prof. (giving a lecture): "I don't mind if a student looks at his watch once in a while, but what gets me is to see someone take out his watch, shake it a few times, and then put it up to his ear."

ST. PETERS

It is a great privilege at times to see a great and beautiful thing not with a sophisticated and thorough knowledge of its parts but with a child-like appreciation of its impressiveness such as I feel was my blissful state when first I saw St. Peters, in Rome.

A cadet on a training ship at the time, I was a fagged out product of a strict order of discipline and a prospect of three days in the Italian capitol suggested nothing if not a relief from ship life. My companion on the occasion was a frank lad who intended doing as did the Romans if that was to be in constant attendance at the court of Morpheus. Accordingly near noon of the blazing hot day following our arrival. I started for the cathedral experiencing the discomfort of a uniform of polar weight which must needs be doubly obnoxious by becoming the cynosure of the roving eyes of the street peddlars. My entrance to the church was very like that which a bear might make into water after having blundered into a swarm of bees, very much of haste, very little of dignity.

Just through the heavy hangings was another world of vast, cool, dim spaces

and serried ranks of darkly colored panels whose uppermost extremities were barely discernible in the mysterious void overhead. Here and there some slight point of light added interest and delight to the interior, a brilliant bit of color in one of the rich mosaics as revealed by a chance sunbeam or a gilded tip of ornate grill work on a shrine. Somewhere a mass was being held and the high treble of the choir boys and the basso of the brothers became almost ethereal as it lost itself high up in the arches reverberating in the limitless spaces of a heavenly vastness. Below on the cool paving was a constant dignified passing of somber robed churchmen walking as serenely and patiently as the passage of time and several groups of figurines in contemplative attitudes moved more aimlessly in perfect contentment over the cool slabs.

Here is all that is spiritual, an embodiment of a faith of generations, a supreme effort of a grand age crowned with an aura of abiding peace as though the Diety has looked upon the work and found it good.

Scranton H. Redfield, '27.

(Continued from Page 10)

Pocahontus as he approached at the psychological moment.

"Draw what?" she queried coyly.

"Draw back aghast," replied the intrepid youth.

"Because yon Senior denounceth her fellow-beings thusly. Shall I, too, when I became a Senior, forget thee, and return to my stern parent's arms to spend my days in daughterlike devotion curling the ends of his mustache?"

Just then the Senior crawled sadly through the paneless window of the antique room door and went on chanting:

"The model didn't come, alas!

There is no Life in the Senior Class!"

Author's note: We didn't need the children this time. To tell the truth, we carefully locked them in the Artgum room so that they wouldn't break into our story. We are indebted to our friend—the Senior of the green smock—for the poem. We cribbed it. All suits for slander may be referred to—Therese.

FAIR OFFER

Prof. "I take great pleasure in giving you 81 in History."

Stude. "Aw, make it a hundred and enjoy yourself."

Orange Owl.

FROM THE CASSON GALLERIES

We are very fortunate in having for this issue six cuts of very fine compositions from the Casson Galleries, 575 Boylston St. Through the kindness of Mr. Sidney Woodward, manager of the Art Dept. of Irving & Casson, A. H. Davenport Co., we were able to procure them.

The Casson Galleries, the finest of their kind, are well worth visiting at any time. There are always interesting exhibits on the eighth floor, such as will satisfy one's aesthetic need and do much to refine one's taste.

From the works of Auguste Brouet, a French modern, there is a cut of his *Marchande de Legumes*. Although different in theme from the other cuts, this composition is nevertheless well-conceived and pleasing. It is very Rembrandt-*esque*.

The pastoral scene, *Lancashire River* by Seymour Haden, is an excellent representation of this artist's work. Well drawn, and cleverly designed, it is, with its air of calm and repose, attractive to any lover of art.

Quite unlike the quiet setting of this river scene, is the more insistent appeal of the marine by Frederick Waugh. Although any sea painting is striking and impressive with its movement, color, and power, this is especially so. Waugh is one of the very best of present day marine painters.

Equally imposing, though in less vigorous way, is the cut of Frank Brangwyn's etching, "*Santa Maria*." This etching was one of many shown at an exhibition and sale held this spring at

the Casson Galleries by Mr. Brangwyn. This artist, not only does etchings but paints superbly with a richness of color that is surprising in such subdued hues. A favorite with young art students, he is deserving of careful study. This cathedral, stately and inspiring, is a suitable subject for the exquisite etching of such a master as Brangwyn. Dramatic in *chiaroscuro*, and excellent in composition. This study is particularly pleasing.

The other two cuts are from the compositions of Chauncey Ryder. As a young man, Ryder was a poor, struggling young artist, whose young wife had to sit all day in the churches of Paris, because they were warm and their studio apartment was without a fire. Although not an exceptional draughtsman, Chauncey Ryder is the possessor of a poetic appreciation for charming subjects. His *Ross Turner Studio*, a painting of an interesting little house where even our own Mr. Brewster has worked, is expressive of Ryder's own inimitable feeling for beauty. The other cut, a lithograph by Ryder, is an attractive bit of landscape, which also reveals his reponse to loveliness.

From these prints, the student can get an idea of the value of the exhibitions held at the Casson Galleries, for the finest of modern artists as well as old masters have hangings here. The firm of Irving and Casson, A. H. Davenport Co., welcome visitors and are very courteous to everyone whether a buyer or an appreciative student.

Do not fail to visit these galleries.

HEARD IN PERSPECTIVE

"Divide the paper in the middle, half-way down."

"Here is my eye at the end of the ruler."

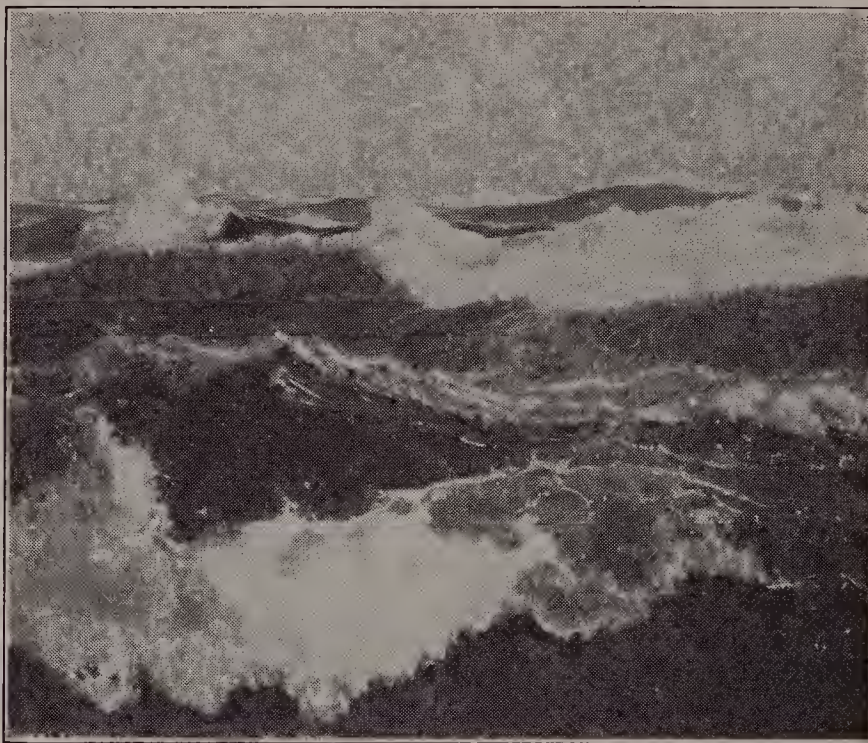
"My eye travels along, until it hits this point." Marvelous eye!!

The faculty believes in head and foot work, as witness our fickle schedule. Just when we think we have it, we have not.

"And all because

It ain't like it use to was."

COURTESY OF THE CASSON GALLERIES



"Marine," from a painting by Frederick Waugh



**"Santa Maria,"
From an etching by Frank Brangwyn, R. A.**



"Meadow Brook,"
From a lithograph by Chauncey Ryder



"Ross Turner's Shop," from a painting by Chauncey Ryder



"Marchande de Legumes,"
From an etching by Auguste Brouet



"Lancashire River," from an etching by Seymour Haden

" 'TIS ALL I ASK"

You bid me paint, as Byron sang,
The hearts untoward fire,
Whose beats amid the trumpet's clang
Unstrung the lyre,

The lyre, that should have sounded long,
Lay broken on the shore,
And, with one burst of noble song,
It rang no more.

You bid me seek a sounding theme,
Where thundering squadrons come
And beat the march with double paen
Of fife and drum.

The rumbling drum with muffled roar,
That times the martial tread,
And, when the flaming day is o'er,
Beats home the dead.

You bid me climb, by rugged ways,
And oft through starless nights,
Where sightless Milton tuned his lays,
On lonely heights.

On lonely heights, which glorious song—
So cold that upper air—
But rarely seeks, nor tarries long,
Though Fame is there.

Nay, I along the common road,
Beside my fellow-man
Walk meekly, adding to my load,
What flowers I can.

And when I put my burden by,
At noon at close of day,
If some cool, darksome thicket lie
Along the way—

If in that thicket hide a rill
That runs a pleasant sound,
I listen, listen, listen still,
To catch the sound.

I listen 'till my heart is full
Then haply, if I can,
I snatch a brush, and bid it tell
A brother man.

Perchance some rustic traveler
At noon may pause to see
Or some slow moving wagoner
May stop to see;

If not, what then? I've heard at eve
The wood thrush sing unknown,
Content in singing to relieve
His breast alone.

And I can touch a slender quill
With none to heed the task,
And if my own heart feel the thrill
'Tis all I ask.

James D. Powell, '28.

IN THE RESTAURANT

He: "What would you say to a little chicken?"

She: "Chick, chick!"

Iowa Frivol.

"Upon my word!" said the dictionary,
as the ink dripped through the leaves.

"What will I name this child?"

"Robert."

"No! there's too many bobs."

THE COST OF LIVING

"So you're an artist, hey? How are you able to live on a job like this?"

"Well, that's just the art of it."

Co—"We have 74 keys up at our house and none of them fit a lock."

Ed—"If they're no good, why don't you throw them away?"

Co—"Oh, we couldn't play the piano without them."

We shouldn't say it but we wonder if there is a bark to a dog's family tree.

Stone Mill.



SENIOR NOTES

Seniors at last! We really should be quite dignified but try and do it with Lee Court in the class.

The first thing we did upon coming back was to hold a class meeting for purpose of electing officers. Anne Ide was elected President; Ruth Fitzgerald, Vice-President; Jinks Carten, Secretary; and Francenia Horn, Treasurer.

Then the Senior reception to the Freshmen. Thanks to Ruth Bachelder, Jinks, Mary Connolly, Rosalind Winslow, and a few more, a good time was enjoyed by all and we sincerely hope that the Freshmen will regard us as their friends from now on.

All the members of the Fine Arts Division seem to have returned this year. Even Lee Court the great business manager of the class.

Miriam Smith sports a straight shingle bob. It is still "Joe and Charlie" but what is this we hear about Charlotte's summer romance?

It is very evident that everyone in the costume Design Div. has had a prosperous summer and although our course promised much in the way of interesting study and designing, there seems to be plenty of time for other things.

For instance we notice that Addie has taken a fancy to our little Leon. We wonder if she has adopted him. Also, if they enjoy their afternoon rest periods. Friend Bee frequently sees them.

We are beginning to think Bee more careless than usual since the summer. We hope she has not lost her reputation as well as her clothes.

As for Dot Howe, our quiet and demure miss, we wonder if she will ever become a professional costume designer. Have you noticed the wealth she is wearing on her left hand?

How is Mil Black? Why she is sew-sew as usual. Pretty good Freshman class eh? Mil?

Marg Huntington is ambitious and gets her work in on time. Why are we not all so conscientious? Alice is with us, too after a most wonderful summer at the "Vineyard." Ask Mil Black about "Glimmerglass."

Dieting seems to go big with us costume designers. At least, Ruth W. is becoming interested. She hasn't quite gotten to the stage of practicing it—but a few pounds more or less certainly do bother one.

Yes, Evelyn, I will introduce you to Torre Bevans. Christine Franks although quiet and hard working certainly finds time to put her most stylish designs into being. Have you seen her entering or leaving the building?

So much for this time. Wouldn't you like to look forward to see what may be written about each one for the next Art Gum? Just wait and see!

Just picture! Frances Glennon is actually teaching children how to draw. Needless to say, the children all love her.

Dot Frail is also teaching. It is pretty hard to tell where she is at recess time, for she is so small that one is liable to mistake her for one of the children.

Evelyn Wenz loves to get up early, she goes from Medford to Saugus every Tuesday and gets there at 9 A. M.

Irene Kearn has become quite an artist in the blackboard drawing line. She has done some commendable work at the Tucker School in Milton.

All the Seniors in Div. 1 have been fortunate in securing unusually interesting schools to teach in. Those teaching in Milton are certainly glad to have such a delightful woman as Miss Kingman for Supervisor. We had a conference with her last week and it was just as sociable as it could be—not a bit "dry." We were all pleasantly surprised when hot chocolate and fancy cakes were served.

Speaking of "eats" makes me think of Ruth FitzGerald. The first time she went to the Wadsworth School, she

brought no lunch thinking that she would be able to purchase it at the school. When she asked the teachers about it they told her they brought their lunch but that they would share theirs with her. After they had preparations well under way for the guest, our V. P. decided she would leave and get lunch in town. The next time she went, she brought her lunch for she had an uncomfortable feeling that they had put themselves to a little extra trouble the previous week. Watch your step Ruthie!

We teacher training division are a little bit pleased with the fact that fifty per cent of the class officers come from our department.

I am tired of writing this "bunk" for the Artgum, you'll pardon me if I retire.

M. F. C.

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

Welcome Freshmen! The Junior Class extends to you its heartiest greetings and hopes you feel that you are now just as important a member of our big art school family as if you had been here much longer. In fact you are more important to us for you are really our guests this year and may expect to be shown much attention (especially on Smock-Day by the "Sophs."

The Juniors are already planning a reception to their new friends and are working hard to assure them of an enjoyable and memorable afternoon of entertainment and dancing. Probably by the time the first issue of this magazine has been received, this social event will have come and gone.

Nevertheless we feel safe in saying that "a good time was had by all."

We have just taken another decisive step in our art-training for we are now specializing in our choice of one of the many branches in the art field.

The embryo teachers feel quite confident of filling any position after graduation. A glance of their programs promises as much. Strange that blacksmithing and plumbing was omitted!

Still, they have metal crafts, and as to plumbing, we are all good at forgetting our materials!

The Fine Arts Course is going to develop some wonder artists we are sure. They are getting eccentric already! In an oil-painting studio, the writer noticed one charming young lady standing, with her easel and canvas, on a bench four or five feet above the floor and furiously painting the group below. That's the nearest she got to "standing on her head and looking at it!"

A glance into the Design studio usually shows Mr. George's parish sitting at their desks with bowed heads. They're working, and, from all appearances working hard.

At the first meeting of the Junior class this year, the following officers were elected: Fred Robinson, president; Blanche Hart, vice-president; Ruth Smith, secretary; and Charles Austin, treasurer.

CLASS OF '27

"Hello, Linda! How are you after the summer vacation?—and Mary! My, you look healthy." And while the fair damsels embraced, a timid, young man stepped up and waited with an expectant air.

"Why, F——, how's the boy?"

"Hello, girls, I'm feeling pretty good."

He looked it at the time, but on turning away, was there a trace of disappointment?

Similar scenes were in evidence throughout the building, that is, to a certain extent. I doubt if every boy stepped forward, even though he felt the need to! However, such omissions cannot long dampen one's feelings, and I noticed the boys "were there with the noise" at Assembly. At least, Mr. Farnum thought so, and had the girls been listening, instead of adding to the din, they would, most likely, have agreed; but what we all did feel, was the spirit behind the voice, and isn't that what really counts?

Our first class meeting, held on the second of October, resulted in the following elections:

President Scranton Redfield
Vice President Alice Mansfield
Secretary Betty Lord
Treasurer Albert McGunigle

On October 6, plans for Smock Day were left in the hands of an able committee, namely, Roy Staples, Peter Kean, Marg. Fuller, Katherine Lincoln, Dot Carr, Esther Draper, Lillian Burgoyne, Morris Greyser, Leo Doherty, and Lawrence Kittredge.

Look Out, Freshies! These people have some wonderful humiliating and terrifying schemes under way, and WOE to the one who refuses to uphold Every Letter of the Law! "A word to the wise is sufficient," but to be unwise, well just this,—

ON SMOCK DAY, ALL YE WAY-
WARD FROSH!
BEWARE!!!!

FRESHMEN NOTES

On October 9, 1924, the worthy Seniors of N. N. A. S. tendered a reception to the humble class of newly arrived Freshmen.

Each Senior took care of a beginner, but as the Class of '28 outnumbered the Class of '25, by a large majority, some took under wing two or even three Freshmen.

At three-thirty, in the Assembly Hall, the vast Class of '28 was received by the faculty and officers of the Senior Class. In the receiving line were Mr. and Mrs. Farnum, Mr. and Mrs. Ray, Miss Bartlett, Miss Hathaway, Miss Whittier, Mrs. Rugg, Mr. Cowell, Mr. Cain, Class President Ann Ide, Vice President Ruth Fitzgerald, Secretary Virginia Carten, Treasurer Francenia Horn.

After the reception refreshments were served. Dancing followed the music being supplied by Robinson's Teddy Bears, our school orchestra. All Seniors arranged a program of six dances for each of their Freshmen. In addition to this method of mingling, different colored slips of paper were given to us to be matched with slips of paper held by the Seniors for the next dance.

As everyone felt more at home by this time general dancing and a social good time was enjoyed by all until six o'clock, most members of the school being present.
H. C., '28.



IT'S A WISE SENIOR THAT KNOWS HIS OWN FRESHMAN

"Paging John Doe," "Paging Susie Roe," and so forth ad infinitum. An outsider entering M. N. A. S. the day before the Senior Reception would have believed himself in a school conducted à la hotel! It was not a simple task to round up each Senior's individual herd of Freshmen, and upon those living ad-

vertisers who stood in the corridors for hours calling for response to certain Freshman names we place our choicest oral laurels!

The receiving line was long and distinguished, consisting of our Faculty and the four Senior class officers. We beg them to overlook the various and assorted errors made during the introductions. Under the stress of remembering correctly three or four new Freshman names it is small wonder that those of Mrs. Whittet and Miss Whittier became hopelessly mixed and that, with no intention of disrespect there was sometimes heard the name *Miss Farnum*!?

Early refreshments were served and

then our inimitable Teddy Bears furnished the Jazz so welcome to our ears and spirits.

"Art is Simplicity" was well expressed by the decoration committee! It is not the easiest thing in the world to adorn as large a hall as is ours with two bowls of hydrangeas, a few square inches of paper (what were they supposed to be, Frankie? Colored snowflakes? Cornflakes? or what?) and a wisp of lavender gauze. The first arrangement of the flowers and drapery so resembled one of Mr. Major's groups that we could ac-

tually *smell* turpentine! (See notes on Manifestations of Beauty, under Associations.)

Ah, but we needed no more than meager decorations for were not the eager, smiling faces of the Freshmen pleasant enough to look upon? This sounds like sarcasm, but we were never more sincere when we say that they are certainly a fine looking class. We are glad that there are so many of them and hope that they may all become Seniors more successful than ourselves.

R. W.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us"

CATHERINE TRACY

"The love of learning, the sequestered
nooks,

And all the sweet serenity of books."

Longfellow

LINDA PRAY

"Thou hast no sorrow in thy song
No winter in thy year."

Hogan

FRANK APPLEBEE

"The mildest manner with the bravest
mind."

Pope

RAE ESNER

"Music hath charms"

Congreve

MARGARET HUGHES

"A perfect woman, nobly planned to
warn, to comfort, and command."

Wordsworth

ALICE MANSFIELD

"Too busy with the crowded hour to fear
to live or die."

Emerson

FRED ROBINSON

"Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend."

Johnson

MARY CONNOLLY

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful coun-
tenance."

Old Test.

MARGARET DONAHUE

"Shalt show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made"

Wordsworth

BLANCHE HART

"The mildest manners, and the gentlest
heart."

Pope

ELMER HALL

"I dare do all that may become a man
Who dares do more is none."

Shakespeare

CHARLES AUSTIN

"Young men that blush I like better than
those who look pale . . .

Plutarch

THELMA SUNDLIE

"She did with cheerful will

What others talked of—

While their hands were still."

BEATRICE PAIPERT

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

Fidding

ELEANOR FAYERWEATHER

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall
And most divinely fair."

Tennyson

HENRY HART

When he had passed,

it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite
music."

Longfellow

PETER KEAN

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his
own mind."

LEON KIBBE

"Describe him who can
An abridgment of all that was pleasant
in man."

Goldsmith

HENRIETTA WEBB

"Every action is measured by the depth
of the sentiment from which it proceeds."

Emerson

CHESTER DOUGLAS

Courage mounteth with occasion

Shakespeare

LYDIA MOWER

"Whose little body lodged a mighty
mind."

LEON FOWLER

"His air, his manner all who saw ad-
mired."

Crabbe

GERALD BROWN

"We each have talents given us
Our problem is to set them free."

ADELAIDE REDMOND

"She is pretty to walk with
And witty to talk with
And pleasant, too, to think on—

JEANNE KANTOR

"Words of learned length and thunder-
ing sound."

Goldsmith

MARY BRACKETT

"The social smile, the sympathetic tear."
Gray

REINA LEEK

"The secret of success is constancy to
purpose."

EMMA OSGOOD

"The reason firm, the temperate will
Endurance, foresight strength and skill."
Wordsworth

MAIDA LIBBY

"But so fair
She takes the breath of men away
Who gaze upon her unaware."

Browning

MARION CLARK

"Moderation the noblest gift of Heaven."

MATILDA SEGEL

"By the work one knows the workman."

IRENE CULLATI

"A lovely being scarcely formed or mold-
ed

A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet
folded."

Byron

JOSEPH HEFFERNAN

"A flattering painter who made it his
care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as
they are."

Goldsmith

MARY TRACY

"Silent and still she steals along—busy—
Far from the world's gay throng"
Eleanore Holland, '26.

Come on now, 'fess up, have you made
a daffydil of yourself saying, "hello
Chester! when its only "lil Chester?"
He inherits big bruvver's fascinating
quirk of the eyebrow, doesn't he?

Isn't it about time Mr. Menge's dad
told him he's old enough to buy a razor?

When you stop to think of it, our
Halls o' Learning can't be half bad or
why would all these upper classmen be
introducing their kid sisters and broth-
ers into its demoralizing atmosphere. No,
darling, the freshmen Siegals are not
related to either Hannah or Mathilde.

The Senior Class Baby nearly broke
her heart 'cause she couldn't find a red-
headed Freshman but we managed to find
one of a slightly Titian hue for her.

What was the P'leeseman looking for
Mr. Wallace for the other day, daddy?

Have you broken your allowance yet?
Of casts, we mean. —The Blue Fairy.

P. S. You've read Barrie's story of
Peter Pan, haven't you? And you know
that the "mauve fairies are boys, and
the white ones are girls, and the blue
ones are the little sillies that don't know
just what they are?"

SOPH, SIDELIGHTS

Our vacation days are o'er
 Summer sports we have no more,
 So let us start work with a vim
 That will make last year look dim,
 Instead of brooding a sad thought
 Just look and see what autumn brought.

When the autumn leaves began to fall
 students were returning to M. N. A. S.
 The year of 1924-'25 has opened with a
 bang. We turn our attention to the class
 of 1927. Many have been working dil-
 igently.

Crops—full grown—light and curly or
 dark and shaggy—on display by Charlie
 Menges and Alden Cummings.

No robberies have been discovered in
 this vicinity, yet one fair damsel blush-
 ingly conceals a diamond. Best wishes,
 Lillian. You have plenty of company
 among our classmates.

We're sorry to lose Alice Turnberg
 and Hannah Wise this year. Alice de-
 cided to work in an art shop, and follow
 it up with a trip abroad. Hannah
 thought it wiser to go to a business
 school; but if she is Wise she will visit
 us again.

Blondie Pettingill will be with us af-
 ter the Christmas vacation.

Robert Haun said, "It was wonderful
 in Ohio." What can he mean by "it?"

Amorette Weed spent her summer be-
 hind the bars of a Worcester banking
 house. By the by, Mr. Major presented
 her with one of his paintings last June.

A Valentino of the vaudeville has been
 discovered in our midst. Results—loss
 of a talented member, known to us all,
 as E. Bradley.

The barbers have been busy snipping
 the fair locks, and a number of more
 sedate members have joined the flapper
 brigade.

Gazing in at a recent class meeting, we
 noticed that the 1927 class president
 seems to have grown considerably. But,
 oh, no! Roy Staples, who served us
 so well last year has retired in favor of
 our new officer, Scrip Redfield.

DEFINITIONS APPLICABLE TO
DESIGN CLASS

Heroism—He who remains in frigid
 Room 28.

Benevolence—Anyone lending anything to
 Leon Fowler.

Optimism—Ruth Batch hoping Mr.
 George will approve her sketch.

Silence—The class when help is wanted
 to print signs.

Respect—What we feel for a pupil who
 passes in a problem on time.

Impatience—Frau Frost waiting for
 lunch time.

Difficulty—What one feels when endeav-
 oring to fathom out Frankie H's
 sketches.

Generosity—Leon lending a thumb tack.

Impossibility—A yell from Florence
 Fitch.

Calamity—Helen C. without curl in her
 hair.

Enthusiasm—P. D. at mention of opera.

SAY! LISTEN—

Have you heard about the Seniors who
 hocked their shoestrings so that they
 could go to New York?

? SOMETHING ?

By Schtpa (pronounced Bah)

Amendment XLMIVQ

Section 1034594

Article 1

Each Freshman shall be allowed to
 compose two "jokes" along these lines:

Example A

"That's Mona Lisa after Da Vinci."

"Poor da Vinci, did he escape?"

Example B

"That picture is the Young Bull
 after Potter."

"O I see and Potter is up the tree."

Amendment XLMIVQZ

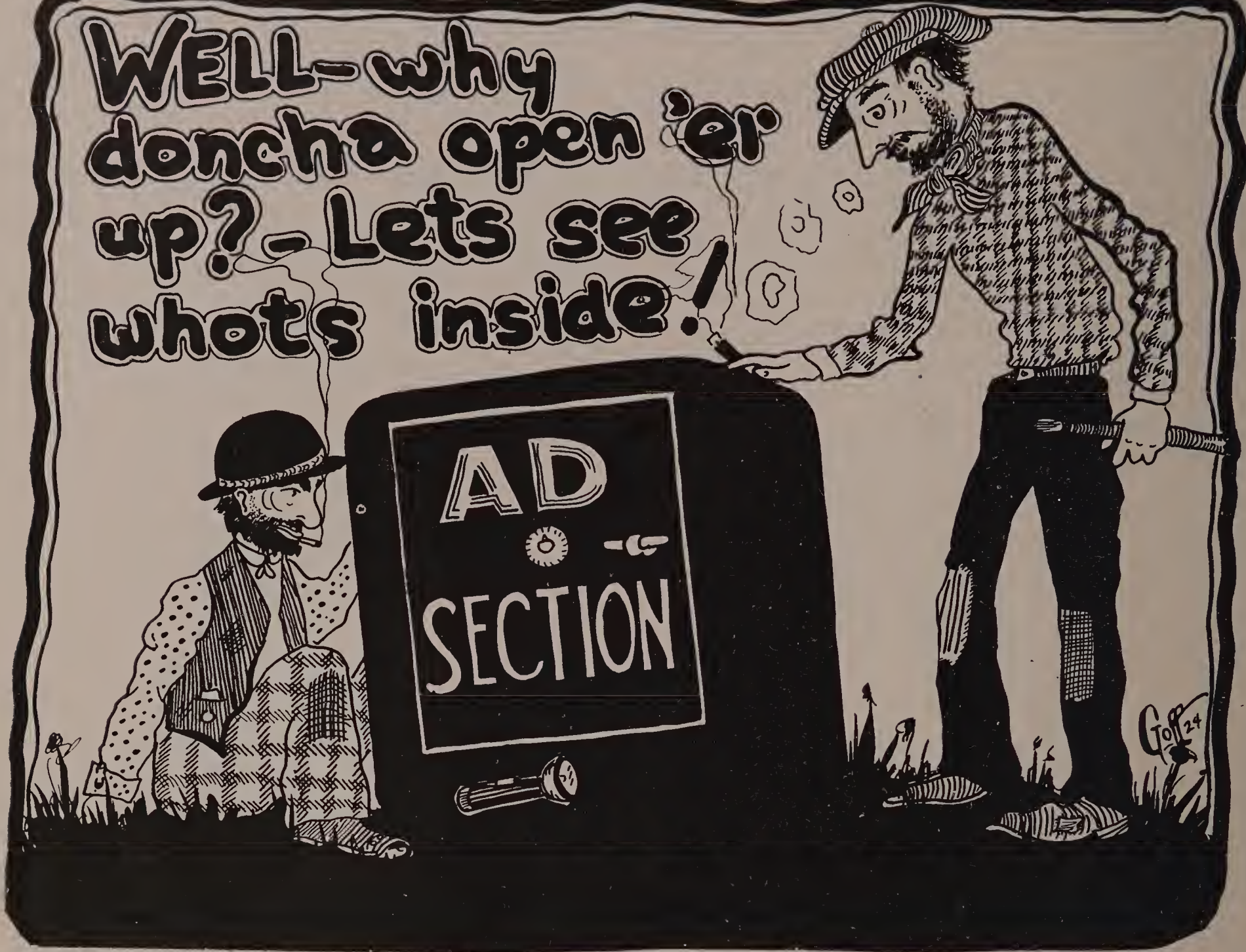
Section 1573421M

Article 7

Freshmen discovering in any book that
 Michael Angelo's ceiling decorations are
 of the highest quality may tell it to
 one dear friend.

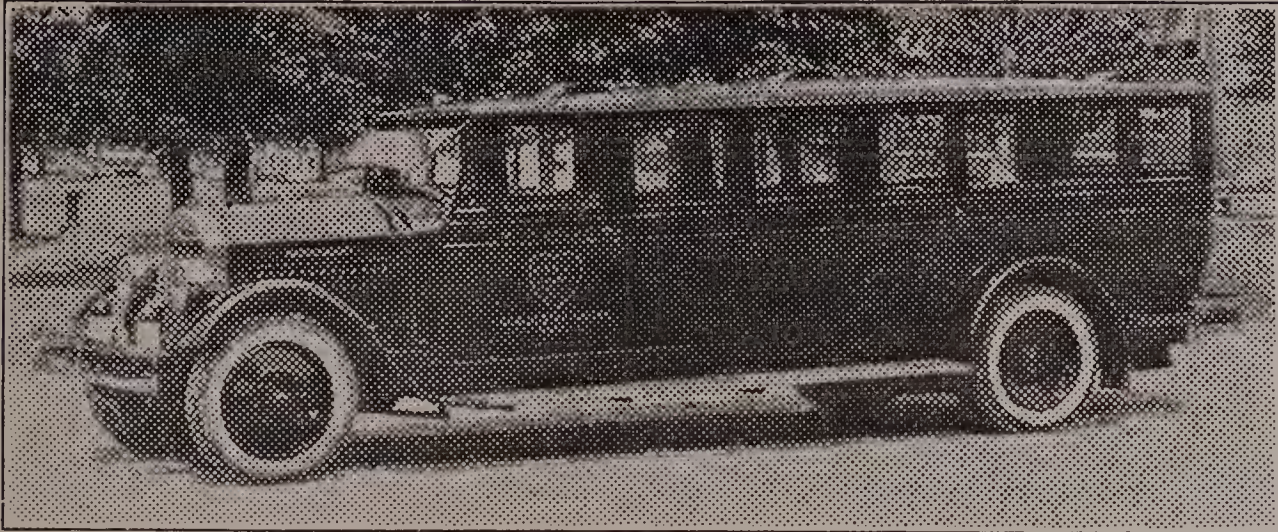
(from School Constitution)

WELL-why
doncha open 'er
up?- Lets see
whots inside!



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NOT A FLAPPER!

A woman entering a train station stops to find information from a porter.

Lady—"What track does my train leave from?"

Porter—"Where are you going?"

Lady—"You impertinent person, it's none of your business!"

The lady stops another porter and the same results occur. The lady finally reaches a gateman.

Lady—"What track does my train leave from?"

Gateman—"Where are you going?"

Lady—"To Chicago."

Gateman—"Your train leaves in one minute—hurry and I'll help you to your car."

The gateman succeeds in helping the lady on the train just in time. Just as the train pulls out the lady bends over the railing and cries back to the gateman.

"Ha! Ha! I fooled you, I'm going to Boston."

